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“But follow the sound of the bells, child;  
Be fearless still with a joyous might:  
Let their music banish your sorrow,  
And fill you with courage to face the fight!

“And then, in the day of reckoning,  
The Bells of High Heaven shall your welcome ring,  
And your weary heart shall be happy  
With the peace and the slumber their echoes bring.”

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## TO BACH.

COME, let me plunge beneath thy mighty wave;  
Immerse me in the current of thy mind;  
Thy thoughts, which spread like branches intertwined,  
All let me know! Thy guiding hand I crave!  
Thy voice shall cheer my pathway to the grave,  
Like springing water in a cavern blind,  
Or in white desert some oasis kind.  
My care to live thy harmony shall save.  
Thy meaning, Master, let me comprehend;  
Upon thy giant form mine eyes would gaze;  
Toward thy basalt dome my feet would press!  
O, let my prayers thy Temple-steps ascend,  
Mine ears enjoy thy heavenly Hymn of Praise,  
Till all my soul forget its weariness!